

#1

Our Way

May 2024 Burlington, Vermont Skate | Music | Art | Culture



\$5

Our Way Zine is a cultural/art zine showcasing local artists and events in the Burlington area. Do you want to get involved? We are looking for collaborators interested in running columns/articles about whatever interests you! Run a segment on local music releases, or become a journalist publishing stories about the issues gripping the world. Just want to submit some art? Let us know!

Insta @ourway.vt

Email ourwayvt@gmail.com

ATTENTION ARTISTS!

**We want you
to share your
voice**



Our Way Zine
is an initiative
to share the
works of **Vermont**
artists and document
alternative/DIY
culture in the Burlington
area and beyond.

Get In Touch! Submissions are OPEN
ourwayvt@gmail.com

Visual Art | Photography | Music | Poetry | Prose

Please take a moment today to be grateful for all that you have, because others just like you have lost everything, and the only thing that separates them from us is distance. Understand that our country is committing genocide across the world and suppressing your right to a peaceful protest. Understand that the students at UVM and across the country face unjust academic prosecution for speaking out against the industry of genocide and our own president who continues to downplay the severity of mass-targeted civilian murder. Our police system is controlled by an illegal foreign government that our country ships bombs to every day. To date, over 34,000 Palestinians have been murdered, over 13,000 of them children. This is not a war, this is not about religion, this is not about politics, this is methodical ethnic cleansing and there is a right and wrong side of history. Do not look away. The world will not forget, Palestine will be free; there has never been a more resilient people. Do what you can while you can. Support the student protesters, show up to City Hall meetings, call your representatives, and don't stop having these conversations. Free Palestine.



Asa Thomas Metcalfe
@asathomasmetcalfeisauniqueusername



Webbed Wing



Skullbone



Above: Weird Nightmare
Left: PUS in Puru





"Shitty Tattoo" During Slob Drop Set

Jillian Goyette

@pridiannoctuary



Torn



Logan Allen @logan dewolfe



Nailed Shut MA



Blossom

Brian Glenney
@ultra_flat_black_





n St., San Francisco

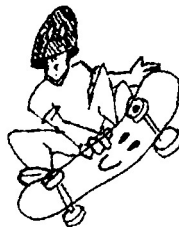


Jona Rakoto @ Adog



Jona Rakoto at Palace 9

Lara Cevoli
@lucybethbones





Shots of Levi Glenney by Taylor Cook





@shale_and_ash

"Gunk"

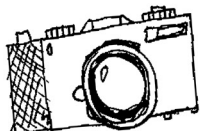
Fuji Film 6.4x5,

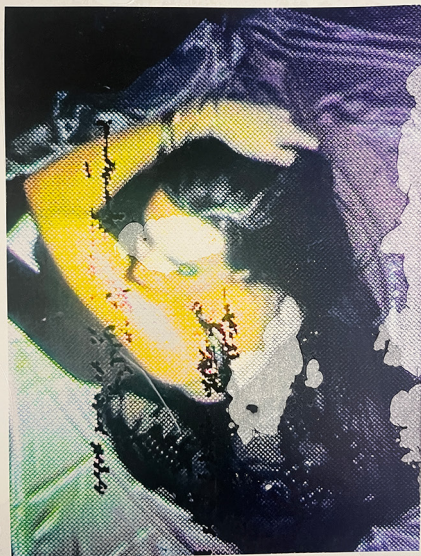
Ilford XP2

Super 400



Thomas Payne
@tpayne_96
35mm
enlargement
on photo-paper

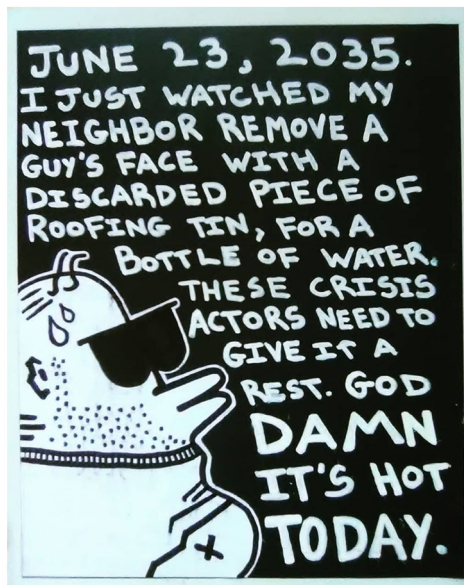
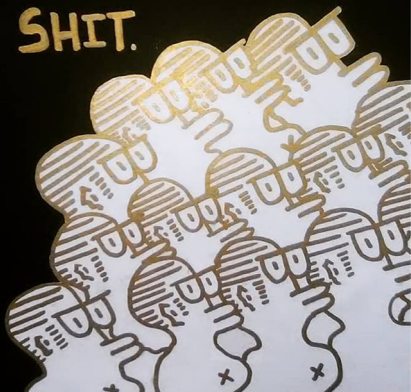






Levi Glenney "Springscape" Acrylic on Canvas

I STAND AMONG MY COMPATRIOTS,
 AWASH IN THE STAGNANT AIR OF THE
 AUDITORIUM AS A SCIENTIST ON TV
 IMPARTS DIRE NEWS. ALL ARCTIC SEA
 ICE HAS MELTED. THEN IT HITS ME.
 THEY'LL PROBABLY RUN THAT NEW
 POP-TARTS AD AFTER THIS.
 FUCK YEAH. FROSTED CHERRY'S
 MY SHIT.



Zed Mack @sterlin_shearlin



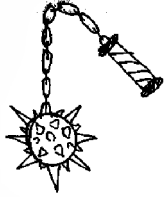
ANGEL AS A CHINK OF METAL



FILL OF AN OVERWHELMING URGE
TO EMBRACE HER DES-
PITE OUR DIFFERENCES
IF LOVE HAD A SOUND
IT WOULD BE THE
ZIP OF AN
ARROW
IN FLIGHT



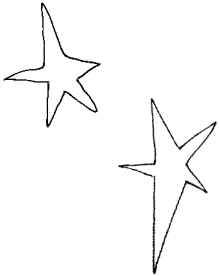
RANDOM OF FOREIGN TINCTURES

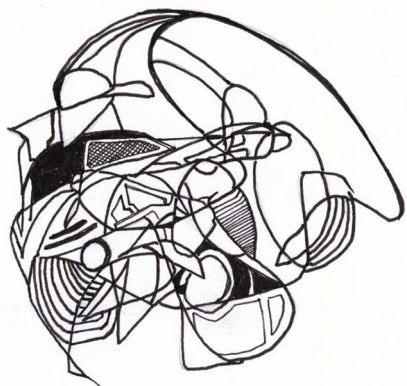


EATE AS A UNIVERSAL SOLVENT



00100007





Pencil and Ink Drawings
by Mac Swan



GUEST CHECK
MADE IN THE USA

100% RECYCLED CONTENT

Date	Amount	Guests	Server
			03206

APPT-SOUP/SAL-ENTREE-VEG/POT-DESSERT-BEV

REC'D FOR DISHES

1 QUIT TRYING

2

3

4

5

6

7

Tax

Total

Thank You - Please Come Again

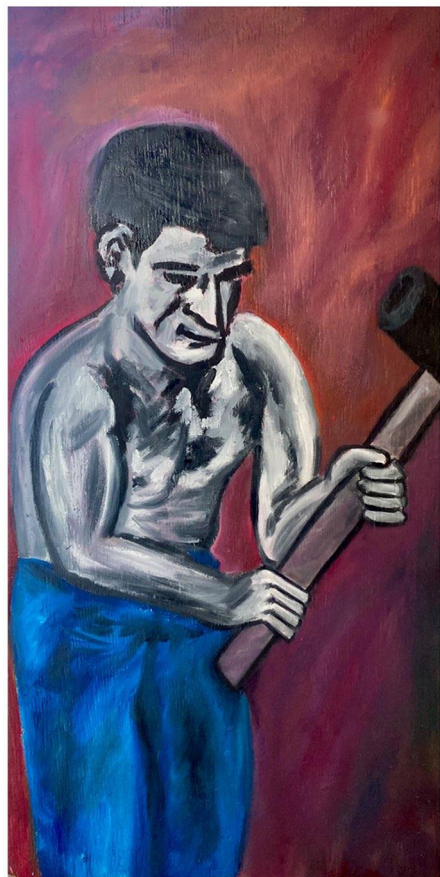
3674 Guest



Dylan Wing



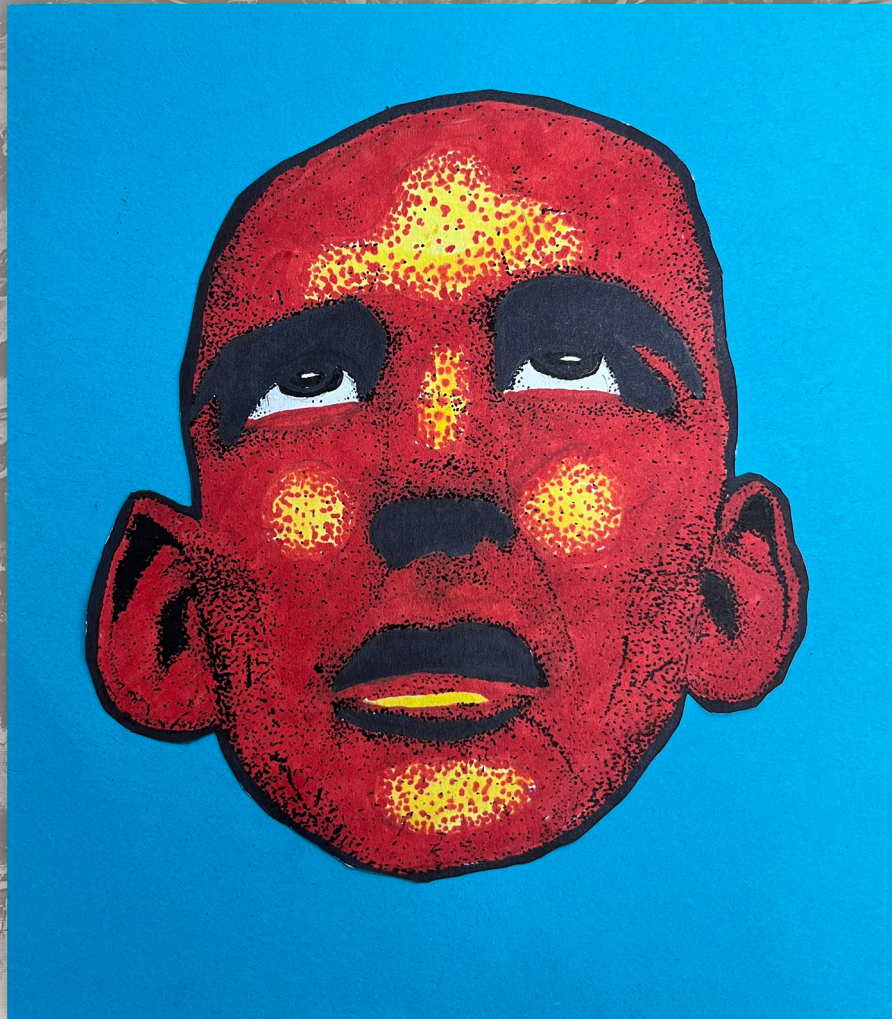
Finn Watsula @aturart



Trey Hancock @panicparties



Noah Healy
@healynoah



Noah Healy
@healynoah





Arden Eckhart



Oliver Robbins





How terrible ?

A toe perpetually stubbed
Corporeal ghosts that *leak* relentlessly
Ears made of chalkboard that someone draws a bug inside of—and
now you have to scCcratch and itchHHhh

All dogs bark at you. All cats walk by you.
Colors gray at your view.
Everyone hates your favorite band

To smell the breath of the zombie that just ate your parents!
Shaking hands with a sasquatch—but the handshake is a promise
you can tell no one of your encounter

Unexpected, unknowable stickinesses.
The moon's nightmares, the sun's shadow...

Unjust betrayal (terrible for all).
Just vengeance (the unjust will call it "terrible"—indeed,
the profiteers of suffering are bankrupt of soul).
Those whose hearts have no eyes, ears, mouth.

Seeing your reflection all the time. Never being able to see it.
Every good thing you've ever written erases itself the next time it's read.

If you've never screamed blood back at the void's apathetic hiss!
[]
...!

(DO IT!!!)

— Axel Krieger

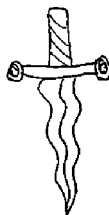
*P.S.
FREE PALESTINE, and all who suffer unjustly. Fuck A.I. that kills people and art.
This is all a part of the one and the same interlocking noose that the capitalist hangmen have put
around the sore neck of the human spirit. And we shall not let it be tightened any further.*

Destroy the world before it destroys you
I don't know where to start when there's so much to do.
The sky rains knives on bodies already beaten
as the metallic sheen of a million blades becomes our only beacon.

Skulls of pets cracked with past regrets
wearing clothes of bones stuck to dried up sweat.
Salt dried skin flaking off to reveal a soft, fresh flesh
making its best appeal.

Clawing and clinging to battered dreams
the brain vibrates with chalkboard screams
so that dust can settle under broken nails that have bled so much
they've long been pale.

Crush the leeches that we don't allow.
Ceramic rubble is built to get plowed.
Needles etch sanguine sigils in chests
circumvent pests that make us weep and wretch.



Fall unconscious in the face of skinny strays
they need to feed
don't let them leave
you put your plate away.

Eat your own maggots, the condor can't win.
She too wears clothes of bones
the knives cut down her throne
she's bruised and all alone.

The condor can't win.

Olive Levey



Dye soaks into tresses and tiles alike
As does ink into paper and skin
On the landlocked side of New England
Where once the Abenaki did their versions
Of these things just fine without Joe Biden,
Where I now love and learn and lie
As we do – alive and unwell.

-Ella Ruehsen

Kara Brown

We want nothing of a world in which the
certainty of not dying from hunger comes in
exchange for the risk of dying of boredom.

Be realistic, ask for the impossible.

We will claim nothing, we will ask for nothing,
we will take, we will occupy.

The boss needs you, you don't need him.

They buy your happiness. Steal it!

Live without dead time - enjoy without chains.

In a society that has abolished all adventures,
the only adventure left is to abolish society.

Alcohol kills. Take LSD.

Workers of the world, have fun!

Even if God existed, it would be necessary to abolish him.

Arise, you wretched of the University.

The liberation of humanity will be total, or it will not be.

The Revolution is unbelievable because it is real.

I came. I saw. I believed.

Run, comrade, the old world is behind you!

Happiness is a new idea.

Poetry is in the street.



last lines of a letter



*A partial list of
graffiti from the
May 1968 French
protests from
the Wikipedia page*

*and maybe I'll mail this letter tomorrow,
And then send you a card.
And then start another letter.
And try to read more. Cry less.
Throw things less. Drink
the same amount.
Walk in the sun.*

WHERE THE COLD CAME IN.

I can see where the cold came in
Deep Inhales of society's disparity
My youth tongue was a loaded gun
Rebel yells in a punk rock basement
Lost my smile to a red headed pixie
Lost my guts outside a 195 rest stop
Love was a transient tourist to me
Hell was hardwired to my head
I screamed your name at a stranger
Smashed out the window to my soul



NEW WORLD

Opened my eyes to the truth inside
This new world is a heartless crude
Love got in a rocket ship to the moon
A bleak reality within this new gravity
Hexed heads scheming cold cash
Manipulation stations at every screen
Finger pointing doom from suburbia
A privilege pulse on a new hellscape
If Jesus was here would he die again?





THANKS FOR

READING



TO:

Label 228, March 2016

FOR DOMESTIC AND INTERNATIONAL USE

Our Way VT

A magic exists in here
compelling you to connect
To share words
To share ideas
To share experiences
And
To be heard

